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# WASHINGTON, D. C.

## RANK AND NOBILITY.

A STORY-BY JEANNE MARIE.

Translated for the Era, by Dr. Edwin A. Atlee. [CONCLUDED.]

In oppressive anxiety the Count left the house of death. The last words of Lorentz awakened fearful doubts in him.

"Impossible, impossible!" cried he, aloud. It were horrid. And yet what else could it

be-what could have been carried away? The child died at that time; they perhaps killed it, and gave me a strange one. And Erika, my beloved Erika—the chief of my thoughts, my pride my happiness—. No, it cannot be mere momentary imaginings. But Kate—her

have gone back to Catharine, once more to prevail upon her to give him the truth of his fear-Still it was a renewed comfol forebodings. fort to him to be able, for a moment at least, to hold fast to the delusion. Frederic came to meet him.

I have unlocked the saloon, and had a fire made below," said the old servant.

When Eisheim entered the apartment, everything therein reminded him of Erika. Here, when a child, she played—when a maiden, she shone. Here, too, she would in future act and

manage. He observed a large wall-painting over the sofa. The beautifully-painted female looked down upon him so calmly, that the sight

together differently.

Pursued by restlessness, the Count again left the palace. He could not bear to be in a room where he had to meet the accusing look of a mother, robbed even in death, and the remem-

When he returned, after several hours, to a table with two covers in the hall. This reminded him of his guest, who was in the saloon. Eisheim went himself to call him, and was surprised to find him in the absorbing contemplation of what he imagined to be the proyoung man, with arms folded, stood motionless before the picture of the Countess, and heard not the person coming in, who stood for a little time silent. Edmund then opened his lips, and

"This is herself, not to be mistaken-feature

for feature."
"Whe?" asked the Count, laying his hand

My father was a preacher at the Duke's

The Count sank into sad musings, and the

one evening a letter came from Adrian, tha put an end to all ambiguity, and determined the Count and Edmund to depart that very

who, alternately with Adrian, watched the sick bed. These last only began to see with clear-ness through the dimmed eyes of her who had

when she had a lucid interval, she called Adrian to her bedside, and asked him about Sternhof. The sorrow on his account aggravated her disease; and the young preacher himself went daily to know the condition of the wounded was

caim. It seemed as if he had needed some satisfaction to cool his blood. He went about mute and uninterested, saluted his acquaintances whom he met, but spoke to no one; and when evening came, he stood, as formerly, op-posite Lucie's window, and wearied himself in

looking up at the dimly-lighted panes.

Erika lived out this time in solicitude; and never did Glöben appear so interesting to her as now, when he flew to the channel through which she obtained the newest intelligence of

Meanwhile Adrian prepared for his union with Lucie, and only waited Edmund's coming whom he wished as witness of the festive act when the situation of his mother began to excite the greatest solicitude, and he already heard the wing of the angel of death fluttering over her, dissipated this intention.

"Lucie," said he to his bride, "mother dying. This evening the clergyman comes to administer the holy ordinance of the Last Supper, and to gather us round her death-bed." Lucie said not a word, having ability neither to think nor to act, and yielded mechanically

to all Adrian's arrangements.

Evening came, and with it the clergyman
The light behind a screen. Evening came, and with it the clergyman. The lights burned dimly behind a screen. A death-stillness reigned in the chamber, and was only interrupted by the intermitted respirations of the patient. Lucie, unadorned, with weeping eyes and care-worn countenance, kneeled at the foot of the bed.

approaching steps.

Hyppolith! exclaimed Lucie; and in

diately the door was burst open.
"Let me, let me!" cried the Pr

shall belong. To me, I say!" And with drawn sword the young man stood before his hour when the surgeon was to come, that he

"Hyppolith," said he, with tremulous voice, my mother is dying. What brings you

archly, promised speedy recovery, but for a few days he must not think of going out. They seemed an eternity to Baler. Every moment he believed people were talking of him and his passion for the country girl. The surgeon ob-served that his patient became feverish anew, The Prince, subdued by the spiritual ascend-mey of Adrian, looked him steadily in the face then said, as if musing—
"I also wish, and so does Lucie, that we may

Two persons now entered the chamber, and

Edmund threw himself beside his sister, at his mother's bed. She looked with a faint smile on her youngest son, but appeared not to remem ber him. Hyppolith stared, motionless, on the group. Count Eisheim went up to Adrian, and whispering gently, both went into an adjoining

ess of the chamber and the astounding intel igence, revolved it as he went through the streets of the city into the free air, and re-mained during the night in restless agitation.

chair, still carrying his arm in a sling, and a wanted pastime. From time to time he look ed at his watch, and impatiently murmured

Wonderful, most wonderful histories. And enough to bear a most astounding surprise?"
"Only to it!" cried Baler, pleased at being oused from his apathy. "To it, my good Glo-

communicated in so unprepared a manner, had somewhat alarming in it, and made him trem-ble. Glöben, who noticed it, humorously said, "If thou art frightened already, I had better not proceed. Above all, your meeting, I mean thine with the Prince, and the demands before Mrs. Müller's door, which even now I cannot comprehend, since I never before knew thee to have acted so adventurous a part, occasioned her a portentous fright, and laid the founda-tion of a nervous fever. For thou hadst in a measure so entwined thyself into her phanta-sics, that she called thee her son, her beloved child. However—but stay! Something now occurs to me like scales falling from my eyes. Thou wast in her house before. We met thee on — street, where thou positively refused to speak out, and behaved so mysteriously. Thou may'st well remember it, and that thy resemblance to the preacher is stri-

"I beg thee, Glöben," said Baler, again collecting himself, "let us have no conjectures. did not know the woman at all, and she know me as little. And now come to something else. Thou said'st, a little while ago, that thou had'st uite a wonderful history for me; I am eager to hear it."

ment of the union of the betrothed pair, the Prince rushed in like a madman to stab the bride, and I know not how many more. Thou knowest his blind passion, for thou art still la-The unfortunate preacher's daughter suddenly

The father of the foundling is discovered becomes a rich countess in her father's arms, and at the corpse of old Mrs. Müller the festi-val of acknowledgment comes to pass. How all hangs together I have not yet been able to learn, but so much is certain: that Erika, the proud, overbearing Countess, who ridicales us all, and at whose feet thou hast languished so ong in vain, is no more nor less than a coun try girl, who was palmed upon the cunning

nevertheless; I must tell thee this was by no means the case. If she pleased me for a mo-ment, the charm of novelty alone attracted me. I too soon discovered in her—I may now confidently say—something rustic in her char-acter, that offended my delicacy, and was re pulsive. And I thought, it cannot have escap-ed thee, what lady should next engage my at-

Glöben played the ignorant, and with laugh, said, "Thou may'st be forever glad, therefore, that when the charm of novelty first enchained thee, thou didst not suffer thyself to

Baler.
"But now farewell," cried Globen; "I have

ed Baler. "But where does she stay now? Will she remove to her parents in the farm

"That I do not know; but so much is eer tain, that as soon as Mrs. Müller is buried, the Count with both his daughters will return to

A figure borne on clouds, a garland of stars about the head, the hand pointing to heaven, the animated face surrounded by bright gold-Baler, when alone, was assaulted by a com plication of feelings. His mother was dead. Was not this the same as if he was free! And en locks, and the delicate limbs by a silvercould be not under these circumstances rejoice in the liberty be so ardently desired? All the spangled vesture, revealed itself to their expectant view.

"He has imposed on us," cried the Prince
"He has imposed on us," this an ideal. scenes in which he had so coolly rejected his mother's love, in which he had deceived her, This is no human being." "It is an ideal. It is the art, allegorized." "It is inspiration. and filled her heart with grief and bitterness passed through his mind. He might have made amends, but it was now too late. Her last piercing shriek sounded in his ears. His coldness, his falsehood, extorted it; and by the coldness, his falsehood, extorted it; and by the stab with which his want of filial affection pierced her heart, she died, slowly bleeding to exhaustion. "But I could not do otherwise," sighed he; and quieting and doceiving himself with this excuse, his thoughts fitted from the death view to another object that gave him no less pain. He who had the hardihood, for mere prejudice, to let a mother die, had been silly enough to sue for the favor of a woman from the lowest class of society. Glöben had openly said it to his face; and as he had not failed to deride him for his absurd mistake, so others might point the finger at him, making

"It is the art, allegorized." "It is inspiration."

"It is the being of his dreams." Such was the confusion of voices, as the picture passed from hand to hand; for every one wished to examine it, to decipher its allegory. They believed they discovered resemblances that alternately put Lucie, Erika, and Seraphine, to the blush, much as these three differed.

"In my view," said Eisheim, "the artist drew a fancy sketch of his glorified mother, when he executed this performance; and as a remembrance of the guardian of her childhood, Lucie will value it so much the more."

It was very late when the company separated. Hyppolith, however, wished to go with Lucie to Reichsfeld. He secretly carried off the bride, and Erika alone accompanied the the bride, and Erika alone accompanied the pair to the carriage. Here the sisters once more embraced. "Love to father," whispered Lucie. "He must forgive me for leaving him so

Gradually the rest drove off, and in the apartments where shortly before reigned joy and rejoicing there was emptiness and still

steps, and beckoned the last departing saluta-

tion to the Minister's lady, who looked back once more while her carriage was disappear-ing behind the shady chestnuts. "This was a short happinese, Erika," said the Count tenderly regarding her as the near-est and dearest to his heart. "It was a brief ment of danger, on the surprise he was preparing for society, and the attention which his best and dearest to his heart. "It was a brief trothment would call forth. With impatience he paced the room to and fro, and while his delight me long. But a short time ago I felt Prince, rushing brothers wept at the coffin of his mother he myself the father of a large family, and too these terms, and your mother cannot to make an exception in her favor."

"I will stay with you!" cried Erika, lean-

ing on him; "I will stay with you in our dear "Ever ?" asked a sonorous, manly voice. Erika looked up. Adrian stood near her. And the first star rose on the three noble forms

might obtain his permission to make an excur-

sion to-day, to alleviate the impatience of a

lover. The trick succeeded; the surgeon smiled

and fearing that his impatient longing might be as dangerons as the cold air, he allowed

him to go out. An hour afterwards, Baler drove to Hochstein house. The Minister's lady

being sick, he found her niece alone.

Count Sternhof and Miss Von Glöben in-

tended to deceive one another, and the former

obtained the answer, yes, at the same hour in

which the bridegroom's mother was being car-

ried to the grave. The mourning procession came along the street, as the betrothed stood at the window.

"Who is to be buried?" asked Baler, struck

The figure disappeared. Baler, on looking

round for his bride, saw her trembling, and pale as a corpse, at a column of the portal. When he reached home, alone, exhausted

from the evening's masquerade, he found a

packet of letters, that Mr. Müller had left for

Duchess Waldemar. The unhappy mother had not destroyed the leaves that ascertained

his secret, and he was moreover betrayed now

when boasting of being secure. Hastily run-

ning over these overpowering papers, he found

one small leaf, written with a firm, manly hand,

which our mother sealed with her death, shall

A year later, on a serene spring day, there was what might be called festive life in Eschen, such as reigned in Nature. The whole surrounding country, from the most tiny flower,

up to man, seemed spontaneously to have been decked for the day, on which Hyppolith was to lead to the hymenial altar his beloved Lucie. The brightest dream of his youthful life

was now to be realized, and people could not

banqueting rooms. The Minister's lady had already taken her abode there some weeks.

sternhof and Glöben came later, and to-day

finally the last of the expected guests arrived— the young preacher of Reichsfeld, whom alone Hyppolith insisted on to solemnize his mar-

feathered inhabitants, the long procession en-tered the village church, which, festively deco-

rated and tremulously radiating with the sun-

of bells and music of the organ. Adrian waited in readiness at the altar, where his discourse, dictated by the purest feeling, deeply penetra-ted the hearts of the assembled crowd, and

moved the bride to tears. But Hyppolith, with

flashing eyes, looked alternately at Adrian and Lucie, and when required to confirm his prom-ise, the whole church re-echoed with his heart's

jubilant "yes!"
On returning to the palace, they found in the great saloon two long tables, covered. Everything was arranged by Erika in the most careful and conformable style; and, as they

took places according to rank and nobility, the maiden introduced a woman, simply clad,

with polite attention.
"It is Erika's mother!" said Count Eisheir

to the Prince. Soon this intelligence passed along the table. Erika's conduct seemed to

many as designing, but to others as indescriba-bly lovely. Sternhof pronounced it heroic. He perceived Adrian's looks resting alternately on

im and Erika, and knew what an unfavorable

comparison his brother was obliged to make between them. Erika, since the time of her coming home, was a stranger to Baler. But

in order to obviate any unfavorable conclusion,

has received very favorable and lugrative offers

place. In this trunk he sends us a marriage

present—the portrait of his bride."
"Betrothed I" cried several voices, while
Seraphine, blushing, gazed upon the cover of
the trunk, which Frederic was about to take

"Yes, yes, here it is, in plain words," said ppolith. "Well, I wish him joy; he de-

The iron fastening finally gave way, the board partition was separated from the trunk, and an admiring, "Ah!" was heard from all

n Naples, that will detain him some time in that

ubilant "yes!"

beams, received the happy throng with ringing

"Fear not Count Sternhof. The secret

which contained only these words:

never be revealed by me.

# For the National Era.

THE LAST REVOLUTION. BY JOHN K. HOLMES.

Stricken with age, low-bowed and wan,

Now breaks for thee Life's latest wave Snow-erowned! Death's angel marks thy span-Go to thy quiet grave. There may the war-worn veteran rest

Fear not the dark, unloved retreat Oft o'er it, for Earth's brave and best, Have muffled drums been beat

Calm hero, there the patriot's sigh Shall ne'er upon thy cold car break No battle blaze illumo thine eve No sentinel ery awake!

Warm tears that sanctify will fall-Dear offerings which thy memory needs. The mourner's heart unfoigned recal In War or Peace thy deeds

How brave on Bunker Hill you stood, When Freedom's heart beat sad and slow-How rose your Spartan hardihood On Valley Forge's snow !

How in the loud night's winter deep, When furious storms around you sped, You laid your shivering frame to sleep Upon your blanket bed.

Oh, more-when War's loud clamor died, And Death piled up his awful yield, Thou turned with Cincirnatus pride To work the fertile field.

And how thy Christian eye grew bright, When learning stood beside thy door, And church-spires gleamed with Sabbath light, Where War shook Earth before! Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

For the National Era. 'UNCLE JOHN'S VISIT.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES. BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

anticipated with anxiety and dread-the snow-

And a right brave storm it was; none of was now to be realized, and people could not remember to have seen a pair more radiant in happiness.

To be sure, it was rather coquettish at first, like a young horse at starting, but soon it settled down, and went to work in good earnest. It woved annother, with wedding guests, drove into Eschen gate, and nearly all leads in the deep old words, and growed them.

To be sure, it was rather coquettish at first, like a young horse at starting, but soon it settled down, and went to work in good earnest. It woved annot a word and starting in that draft! "cried the little man.

"Who was that child, Dimmie? and what B, and sitting on a bench," the graphic description. heads of the cedars, until they looked like white-haired giants, and wrapped alike the graves of rich and poor, in shrouds of dazzling

Oh! very impartial were those same little white, feathery flakes, that came dancing down at the bidding of the storm, edging alike the blue cloth cloak of Judge Edmonds and the ragged garments of the beggar with

"Ermine too dear for an Earl." Then they made a league with that cool-headed old tactician, the north wind, and together they went skirring through the streets, heaving up embankments here, and digging trenches and forming curves there, rushing round corners, to attack stout, rosy-cheeked gentlemen, who fought and sputtered and dashed the snow from their eyebrows, to see what awaited them next, while the thinly-elad shop girls drew their shawls closer about them, and scudded in troops, like little snow-birds, close under the lee of the houses, to escape their boisterous greatings. In the space of an hour or so, the storm had the city pretty much to itself, for whoever had a shelter, was glad to get be-

neath it, and stay there.

On the corner of C and D streets was a spa cious wholesale clothing store, upon which, in hurrying up and down the streets, after the last stragglers, the storm seemed to bestow particular attention. It tried to shake the mahogany-eased windows, and find some crack in them, or in the heavily panelled door, by which it could gain ingress; but baffled here, it con-say. No tented itself with wrapping a white covering over the gilded signboard, darkening the windows, muffling the steps, and piling up a barricade against the door, as if it said—"Never mind! I'll be ready for you when you do

none of these manouvres seemed to disturb the equanimity of Mr. D. Orestes Jimps, the owner of the store. All the clerks had gone to tea; and, while waiting their return, he sat before the stove, with his heels resting upon a high stool, rather above the level of his head, and his eyes fixed upon a lamp hook in the wall, as a kind of tether to his imagination, as he counted up the profits of the day's salesa very necessary and commendable process, seeing next day was New Year's, and he antiseeing next day was New Year's, and he anti-cipated several extra demands upon his purse. Perhaps we should not be far from the truth, if we said that, at the same time, he gave a sort of rough guess at his neighbor Jumper's profits, and wondered just how much and what he would give at their pastor's donation party the next evening; for Mr. D. Orestes Jimps did not like to be east in the shade by any one, especially by a rival house; besides, we are all, t times, so remarkably disinterested, that we take more interest in other people's concerns

than our own.

But, hurrah! the storm has triumphed Through the open door falls the harricade of snow, followed by the wind, that sends the glittering particles dancing through the whole length of the store, and raises such a commotion among the various garments, mentionable and unmentionable, suspended overhead, that it is some time before the astonished Mr. Jimps

s aware of the cause of this disturbance. But there she stands—a little, shrinking

as the snow matted in her abundant hair, and clinging to the folds of her miserable dress.

"Well, what's wanting, my girl?" asked Mr. Jimps, as the thin, wan face, scarcely higher than the level of the counter, was torned up to him with a timid, appealing glance.

"Please, sir," began a little trembling, piping voice, "I have brought some shirts, and mother

voice, "I have brought some shirts, and mother wants to know if you will be kind enough to let her have the money for them."

Mr. Jimps took the packet which the child drew from under her shaw!, and deliberately counted the coarse garments it contained, while the little one edged timidly toward the stove.

"Three, four, five, six. Why, child," ex. claimed the gentleman, as he finished counting, "how is this? Here is but half the lot we

gave out to your mother!"

"No, sir," returned the child, as she edged back to her first stand, "mother knew that—but little leaves. but little Jennie has been so sick, sir, that we could not get any more done; and—and—it is so cold, and the coal is all gone. Mother hoped, sir, you would be kind enough to pay her for these, and we will finish the others as

"I thought your mother understood our terms. I told her, when she took the work, that we made it a rule to pay only when the lot was done," returned Mr. Jimps. "There are a plenty of people glad to work for us on great many strange things. But here we are

ennie is so sick, and "——
But Mr. Jimps did not stay to hear her out for, just at that moment the outer door again opened, and a person entered, who slammed it , right in the face of the storm, and began to stamp his boots and shake his garments in a way that gave strong proofs of their firm texture. As soon as Mr. Jimps caught sight of the high nose that peered like a projecting battlement over the folds of the red worsted comforter which enveloped the lower portion of the new comer's face, he sprang round the counter, and seizing his hand, shook it heartily,

as he exclaimed—
"Why, Uncle John Markham! where did you come from? Did you snow down?"
"No. Dimmie," returned the old man, taking off his low-crowned hat, and shaking a minia ture snow-storm from its broad brim; "but I'd like to been snowed under. Who'd a thought it would have come by such handfulls? I told mother, when I started, I guessed there would be more snow before I got back; but I did not think of its coming so like a judgment. Black Simon and I have had a time of it, I tell you, Dimmie. Whew! my fingers ache like the toothache!" he added, drawing off a thick pair of blue and white yarn mittens, and spreading his hard palms to the fire.

"It is the worst storm we have had yet," returned Mr. Jimps, wincing slightly at the appellation by which the old man addressed him. n his native village, he had always been known as "Dimmie Jimps," it being a sort of abbreviation of the classical cognomen, Demosnobreviation of the classical cognomen, Demosthenes Orestes, bestowed upon him by his father, which he had ignored ever since his establishment in the city, signing his name D. Orestes Jimps, Esq. But he knew there was no use in arguing the case with Uncle John. He would always remain Dimmis with him. He would always remain Dimmie with him; so he smoothed his brow, and said, heartily-

"Come, Uncle John, take a seat, and make all the products of the chemist's pivot. yourself comfortable, if you can, until some of the boys get back; then we will go up to the Christian, "MENTAL ELECTIVE APPINITY" is house. Julia will be delighted to see you. You will stay over to-morrow night with us, of pivot, as mind is more important than matter, course. To-morrow night is Mr. E.'s Donation the immortal soul more enduring than the per-

gesture toward the doormother knows my terms-can't vary for any one. A man must have some rules, and stick by them, if he intends to do anything." he added, turning to Uncle John.

This affinity, judiciously and skilfully appli-ed, has changed thousands of the very worst scholars into the very best, and could hardly

For a second, ere she crossed the threshold,

her out in such a storm?" asked the old man, as he again seated himself by the fire. thousands you will find in the city—one scarce-ly knows who or what they are. Her mother came here for work; and, as she was recom-mended by one of our hands whom we could trust, we let her take some. I should think I had heard some one say that her husband was a dissipated sort of a fellow. The city is full

of such people."
"But what sent her here to-day? Do you

owe them anything. Dimmie?"
"Owe them!" returned Mr. Jimps, laughing "You must think me hard run, not to be able to pay for a half dozen shirts. I always make it a rule to pay for each lot of work when it is brought in and answers inspection; and that is Gon. what I call fair on all sides. But this woman wants me to do more-she has sent in half he lot, and wants me to pay her for these before the rest are done." "And you didn't do it, Dimmie?" said the

"Not I. I should never get my work dor at that rate. If she does not like the terms

she must look elsewhere for work." "I s'pose there are people who would have been foolish enough to have done it, or, per-haps, given her a little something out of their own pockets," observed the old man, watching

"Yes, and foolish enough they are, as say. Now, I claim to be as liberal and benev-olent as most men; but I act upon system in this, as well as everything else. I pay my taxes promptly, and subscribe liberally to sev-eral benevolent societies; besides, my wife de-votes half her time to their management. If hese people really are worthy, and need aid, let them apply to some of these, or to the city authority. Casual charity only encourages street begging and idleness."

"But—but—I s'pose there are some among them so proud that they would rather starve than beg," returned the old man, with the same searching glance. "I dare say there are a good many just in our neighborhood, at home, who would rub pretty close before they would do it."
"No doubt of it. You would be surprised at

the degree of pride manifested by the people who work for me, though many of them are poor as Job. These people are doubtless of the same stamp. Lewis," he added, addressing a young clerk, who entered, out of breath with facing the storm, "put down those half dozen shirts to the credit of Mrs. Ives." " Miss Sarah Ives, George street?"

York road," was the reply, as Mr. Jimps de-liberately encased his dapper person in a wadded overcoat, and enveloped his throat in the voluminous folds of a costly merino searf.

While he was drawing on his overshoes, his guest took from his pocket a large pocket-book, and wrote a few words on a blank leaf.

They were soon ploughing their way in the direction of Mr. Jimps's residence, Uncle John looking the storm square in the face, as if it were an old friend, and Mr. Jimps trying to were an old friend, and Mr. Jimps trying to give it the cut by turning sideways. It hore this a while; but at last, as they turned a cor-ner, it sprang out upon him, and flapping the long ends of his scarf in his face, suddenly lifted his shining beaver from his head, and lodged it in a snow-bank, which it had been ailing up right under the windows of Governor h—s mansion, as if for the special amuse-ment of a group of curly-headed children and a lovely young lady, who were watching the process with delight.

"Oh, if it had only happened anywhere else thought Mr. Jimps, as, with one glange at the mischievous face of Miss Eva B- and the mischievous face of Miss Eva B—— and the laughing little ones, he picked up his beaver and disappeared round the corner. Uncle John followed with steady steps. No danger of the storm's playing tricks with his apparel. His hat was jammed down upon his bald crown, as if he meant it to stay there; and we have a suspicion that he rather enjoyed the disasters of Mr. Jimps.

"I say, Dimmie," he remarked, seeing that gentleman pause and turn his back to the

gentleman pause and turn his back to the storm to get breath, "that little girl must have a hard time of it getting home, won't she!"
"Yes, her people were crazy to send her out
at such a time. Ugh! the snow almost blinds

"But please, sir," plead the little one, "little looking lady who looked down upon them, the per postage system which can be afforded, not old man followed his nephew into the house.

Uncle John Markham was warmly received by his nephew's wife. He was a bit of a hurist-"odd as Dick's hat-band," the people said in his village, (and, by the way, we should very much like to know in what the peculiarity of the said Richard's hat-band consisted.) Eccentric, Mrs. Jimps whispered to her friends, as she introduced him: but then he was rich and childless, and rich folks can afford to be

His visits were ever welcome among hi nephews and nieces, not merely because of his wealth; for though they were keen-sighted business people, and perhaps did not entirely put that out of the question, yet they had sense enough to love and respect the old man for his

intrinsic goodness.

### TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT. DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.-No. 7. BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

Elective affinity is the "GRAND PIVOT" of chemists. On it turn most of the wonder-workings of their wonderful science, pre-eminently efficient in the advancement of knowledge and of wealth. By it things entirely opposite are brought into a perfect union, and those entirely and intimately assimilated, rendered distinct and opposite. Colors are formed, destroyed, and varied by thousands of different hues. Metals, acids, salts, and most articles in daily use in the mechanic arts and domestic econocasion for a familiar acquaintance with all the turnings, all the workings, all the changes, and

as much more important than the chemist's Party, and you must certainly attend that. He asks after you always, when he calls." Then chancing to let his eye fall on the waiting child, whom he had quite forgotten, he said, with a control of the immortal soul more enduring than the perishing body. Prevention better than cure, overcoming evil with good, preventing crime better than punishing criminals, love worketh no ill to his neighbor, and feeling an enemy, som he had quite lorgotten, he said, with a sture toward the door—
"You had better run home, little girl. Your pre-eminently the "Teacher's Pivor," and, other knows my terms—can't vary for any most of all teachers, the parent.

CHAP. I.

It came at last—what the fire, Cassandralike, had muttered of fer several days past—
what people prophesied to each other on the
street—what Bill Lyman, the stage-driver, had
foreseen that morning when he called for his foreseen that morning, when he called for his heaviest pea-jacket—what young maidens and schoolboys had looked for with such impatient longings—what the houseless and homeless had would use still greater energy in building up the little pale face was turned up to his, as if to thank him, and he saw that it was wet with tears.

than they now do in destroying houses and villages. Productive or destructive employment is instinctively sought for, and will be had by your light, trifling affairs, that merely cover the earth with a thin frosting, like that on a bridal loaf, but a regular old-fashioned snow-bridal loaf, but a knew, do not provide employment sufficiently productive, nor an object sufficiently elevated (not highly sublime) for active and aspiring

ter; not highly encouraging for Democracy, especially the "Democracy of Science."

As acting is better than speculating, a definite action is proposed, grounded on mental elective affinity—simply for parents and teacher to follow the example of the mother of the illustrious Cuvier, encouraging their children and pupils in sketching, collecting, studying, and appropriating to their own use, letters, lines, and leaves, from the "OLDER VOLUME OF

# PENNSYLVANIA FREE SOIL STATE CONVENTION.

A mass meeting, or informal Convention, of the Free-Soilers of Pennsylvania was held to-day, in the Masonic Hall, in this city. About two hundred persons were present, representing Allegheny, Armstrong, Beaver, Butler, Clear-field, Chester, Dauphin, Fayette, Greene, Indiana, Lancaster, Lawrence, Mercer, Montgo-mery, Northampton, Potter, Schuylkill, Ve-nango, Washington, and Wayne counties, and the city and county of Philadelphia. No cre-dentials were offered, but every person was ad-

mitted on reporting his name—thus represent-ing every shade of Anti-Slavery doctrine. Permanent officers were chosen, as follows: President, Wm. B. Thomas, of Philadelphia. Vice Presidents, Chas. Avery, of Allegheny; R. Mitchell, of Indiana county; Robert Hanna, of Mercer county; Jos. Mann, of Potter county; E. J. Boggs, of Wayne county; Isaac L. Mullen, of Chester county; and Mordecai M. Me Kenney. Secretaries, J. B. Hubbard, of Mer cer county; J. Gibbons, of Lancaster; and Eli Dillon, of Philadelphia.

In the afternoon, a platform of principles

adopted, as follows:

Resolved, That civil Government is an ordi nance of God, and men are only delegated

agents to carry out righteous purposes by right ful means; and whenever human laws are op-posed to God's will, such laws are null and void, and are not binding upon men, either morally or politically.

Resolved. That a rendition of fugitive slaves

either by National or State authority, is wick-ed, contrary to God's will, and not binding upon any citizen.

Resolved, That we are apposed to slavery of every kind, and in favor of every constitutional effort to abolish it.

Resolved, That we are opposed to any and every Compromise with slavery, and that no lapse of time can render any such Compromise binding upon us.

Resolved, That we are not only opposed to the abuses practiced under the Fugitive Slave Law, but are in favor of its absolute repeal,

because we believe it unconstitutional.

Resolved, That the Democratic and White parties having basely bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery, there is no course left for the friends of Liberty to pursue but to re-

for the friends of Linerty to pursue but to re-fuse to co-operate with either.

Resolved, That a third party, opposed to the Compromise Platforms of the other parties, should not be a party of one idea, but should embrace in its principles the acknowledgment of man's natural right to the soil as well as to himself, and of the duty of a Republican Government to see that the Laws of Nations are not disregarded, to its injury, by despots.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the freedom of the public lands to actual settlers, in limited should be inalienable for debt, under prope

limitations as to amount.

Resolved, That the right of self-government by nations springs necessarily from the doc-trine of the right of the individual man to selfgovernment; that where this right of self-gov-ernment is violated by unsolicited intervention on the part of any nation, the true and only remedy for such invasion of right is contraven-tion by other nations for the sake of non-inter-vention; and that it is the duty of this Government to interfere, by all peaceable means, on behalf of the liberty of any nation struggling to be free from the power of the aggressor. Resolved, That the Constitution should be amended so as to render the President Vice

only in this country, but between our own and

other nations. Resolved, That we are opposed to all class legislation, special privileges, and log-rolling enactments; and that, as a remedy for these evils, we demand the passage of general laws, and that each bill be confined to one object.

which shall be named in the title.

Resolved, That as the safety of Republican Governments rests in a great degree on the aithfulness of the representative to the will of nis constituents, and this faithfulness can only e secured by single and compact districts, we lemand the division of this State into as many districts as there are representatives to be

A State Committee of 7, and a delegation of 75 to the National Convention, were then appointed and a resolution laid on the table,

proposing to start a Free Soil paper at Harrisurg. The following electoral ticket was then

First District, W. J. Mullen: second, Jos. Lindsay: third, Wm. Walker: fourth, Hiram Miller: fifth, Isaac Roberts: sixth, Elijah Lew-; seventh, J. S. Longshore; eighth, Elijah Deckert; ninth, Joseph Gibbons; tenth, M. McKinney; eleventh, J. W. Lott; twelfth, W. J. Gildersleeve; thirteenth, F. E. Shugert; fourteenth, G. Z. Dimmick; fifteenth, G. G. Col win: sixteenth, —— Smith; seventeenth, W. Wright; eighteenth, A. Shallenberger: nineteenth, John Graff: twentieth, Wm. Bronlee twenty-first, Neville B. Craig; twenty-second, Thomas Stevens; twenty-third, Robert W. Cun-

ninghan; twenty-fourth, R. E. Anderson; twenty-fifth, T. E. Randolph. Adjourned till morning. Second Despatch .- Pittsburgh, August 11th The Convention re-assembled at 8 o'clock this morning. The electors for the State at large are Wm. B. Thomas, of Philadelphia, and Geo. W. Jackson, of Allegheny county. Resolutions were adopted appointing a commettee to establish an organ of the friends of Freedom. A motion recommending John P. Hale as the can-didate for President was received with cheers when his letter declining the nomination was read. The ground was then taken that he had no right to decline, and the recommendation of the nomination of Hale was unanimously agreed to by acclamation and immense cheer-ing. The Convention then adjourned, subject

## CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS-FIRST SESSION.

to the call of the President.

SENATE

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10. The Chair laid before the Senate a commu nication from the Treasury, relative to the rev-enue collected by collector Collier in Califor-

Mr. Fish made an adverse report, from the Committee on Commerce, upon the subject of a navy yard and dry dock on the lake frontier Mr. Bright reported a bill to cede to the State of Kentucky the stock held by the United States in the Louisville and Portland canal And also a bill to establsh a United States arsenal and foundry connected with a canal near the falls of the Ohio.

After some debate on a bill for the relief of Cadwallader Wallace, it was postponed.

creasing the appropriations nearly one millio of dollars. Adjourned.

Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Commerce, reported back the River and Harbor

bill, with amendments, increasing the appro-priations made by the House, by adding others o the sum of \$160,000.

The resolution submitted by Mr. Badger, to mend the 30th rule of the Senate, by abolish ing the provision that appropriations for pri-vate claims shall not be moved as amendment

to the General Appropriation bill, was taken up, and, after debate, rejected The Indian Appropriation bill was then ken up.

Several amendments were offered and agreed to. The bill was reported to the Senate, and the amendments made in Committee were agreed to. Mr. Weller moved an appropriation of \$100,000 for the temporary relief of the Cali fornia Indians, till such time as some perma-nent measures with them can be agreed upon

After considerable debate, the amenda agreed to.

Other amendments were agreed to.

After which, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Mr. Chandler presented to the House beautiful engraving of Stuart's portrait of Washington, by Welsh, published by Childs, of Philadelphia. The bill regulating the costs and fees of the circuit and district courts of the United States

was debated until the expiration of the morn ing hour. A message was laid before the House, from the President of the United States, relative to the fishing disturbances, but containing no information additional to what has already been

The message was referred to the Committee Foreign Affairs. The House then resolved itself into a Com nittee of the Whole on the state of the Union

and resumed the consideration of the Genera ted—one by Mr. Gentry, to increase the sala-ries of clerks in the several Executive depart-ments, from twenty to ten per cent., according to the salaries (excluding those above \$2,000)

ow received.
Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, moved to amend by increasing the pay of mechanics in the emoy of the Government twenty per cent. ; but

this was rejected—ayes 61, noes 70.

A long debate took place on the various amendments offered; after which, the House

The House resumed the consideration of the

ill to regulate the costs and fees of the attor-

district courts of the United States. Mr. McLan, an answered objections which had been urged against the bill, and said that, if passed, it would save \$150,000 annually to Treasury, and double that amount to the

people of the country having busine Mr. Letcher moved that the bill be laid on

the table; but the motion did not prevailyeas 40, nays 112. Pending the question on ordering the bill to be engrossed for a third reading, the morning

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the General Appropriation

The subject of increasing the salaries of clerks, messengers, and watchmen, in the Exceptive and Legislative Departments, was resumed, and finally—

The amendment of Mr. Gentry, offered yesterday, was modified so that twenty per cent shall be allowed, in addition, to the clerks in

shall be allowed in addition, to the clerks in the Legislative and Executive Departments of the Government, employed in Washington, whose annual compensation does not exceed twelve hundred dollars per annum. No one who discharges the duties of more than one office to have the extra pay, which is to com-mence with the present fiscal year. This was

that twenty per cent. be added to the per diem or monthly pay of all employees of the Governat the door, and there is your wife at the win- sential that people spinion be enlightened, we ment, engaged in any branch of mechanics or dow;" and, with a nod to the rather pretty- are in type of the cheapest letter and newspa- as common laborers. But the proposition was

of her arrested him.
"Forgive, Clothilde," said he, softly, " if l have loved a strange child so dearly; but should I yet find our own, Erika shall never want never be inferior-shall even have the first place in my heart." Eisheim felt on this point like Baler, but al-

brance of a spurious daughter. When about half way to the house of death, the parson met him. Catharine, relieved by Lorentz's death from the command of silence, had confessed her guilt; and to the cold, annihilating stroke of a fearful certainty, added a yet more fearful uncertainty. . Anne had never disclosed where she had taken the child. The Count spoke long of measures to be taken. No search that might lead to a discovery should be too distant too difficult for him.

Müller looked round with surprise "My sister," said he, looking into the Count's inquiring face. Eisheim started. Does your family live in this neighbor

Days passed without obtaining any explana tion-days in which Edmund, under the pressure of painful recollections, worked in the gal lery of paintings in the palace; and the Count mind was harassed to connect the links of a chain that might lead to the lost child; when

Mrs. Müller, exhausted under the burden of her cross, was broken down. Six days had she conflicted with feverish dreams; and from moment to moment the state of her morbid exciteremarkable that in her phantasies she should mention her son, Count Sternhof; that she should accuse herself as his murderer, and mourn over him as dead. People knew of the strange scene before her door, of the duel that followed; and even had nothing been known to explain this wonderful interview, it would. notwithstanding have been quite natural for this appalling scene to be interwoven in the feverish dreams of the patient. The clearest truth was therefore accounted the delirium of the brain, and passed for frenzied imagining. The physician, at least, believed it, and Lucie

the wounded man.

Hyppolith for a day or two seemed more

Müller's affairs. She followed the progress of Mrs. Müller's illness with the same sympathy that Seraphine felt for that of Sternhof.

"Have mercy, my God, have mercy," she whispered; "take me hence in her stead." At this moment were heard loud voices and

An hour afterwards, the Count stood with his daughter, arm in arm, between the sons of Lucie's foster-mother, by her corpse. "Oh, had she been able to take with her the

"Who is to be buried;" asked baier, struck with a sudden misgiving.
"Mrs. Müller," answered Scraphine, with repressed voice. Her look fell on Edmund, who followed the coffin- in mourning dress.
Baler had a feeling that he never apprehended delusion," said he; "for she loved my child as f it had been her own. Hyppolith, not being able to bear the sultri-

he should know—a feeling of deepest shame and self-reproach. And, though weaker, there was a similar feeling in Seraphine's breast. On the evening of the following day, as the A BETROTHMENT. affianced came out of the opera house, where Baler showed himself with his charming bride, Count Sternhof sat in a commodious arm twitch of pain passed across his handsome face.

A number of pamphlets, newspapers, and journals, lay before him on the stand, but he that he might give society no time for injurious conjectures, and as he was in the act of leading the Minister's lady to her carriage, a seemed to pay no attention to them, though he veiled figure overtook the maiden, as she remained some little distance behind, and a wellknown voice said— "Farewell, Seraphine; to-morrow I set off "The parade is over some time ago. I wish he would come; his tattle diverts me." This wish for Rome. Your picture, which Count Stern-

was soon fulfilled. The person longed for came in, and the Count's eyes brightened up.

"Good morning, Glöben, glorious that thou hast come; I am wearied almost to death."

This was to Kome. Tour picture, which Count Stern and The figure disappeared. Baler, on look round for his bride, saw her trembling, a pale as a corpse, at a column of the portal. Dost thou bring any news?" asked he. cried the Baron, laughing "News only?" him; he tore off the envelope, and, to his sur-prise, came upon the letters written by him to his mother; also, her correspondence with first of all, I must ask thee if thou art strong

"Now for the most important first," said Glöben, erecting himself. "Mrs. Müller is dead." Baler colored up. This information,

boring under its consequences. Now, therefore, the theatre coup produces its moving effect, and the country girl behaves like a nervous saloon lady. And now, first, Hyppolith notices the dying woman. He is disarmed. Then just apropos comes Count Eisheim with the paint-

Count by his more cunning tenant."

"This truly is news of the highest tance," said Baler, with a forced smile. "But it pleases me that my conjectures have been confirmed. Thou assertest, it is true, that I have gratuitously languished at Erika's feet;

in order to obviate any unfavorable conclusion, he was obliged to accept the invitation to Eschen. His behaviour to her was judged of as before, and he remained unnoticed by her.

They were still at table, in the happiest humor, when Frederic brought a letter, accompanying a trunk, to the hridegroom.

"The letter is from Edmund," cried Hyppolith, after having given it a transient reading.

"He is well, and salutes you a thousand times; has received very favorable and herative offers.

be completely bound.

"It will excite universally a pleasant sensa tion, for Erika was not at all beloved," answer

others might point the finger at him, making others might point the finger at him, making his situation with Erika an object of wittioism; and he would rather be despised, than abused, pitied, and laughed at. All this impelled him to devise some plan to evade and obviate the report. And Scraphine von Glöben seemed to be his angel of deliverance; she who had hitherto served to inflame Erika's jealousy, and to whom he did homage before the world from unworthy motives, was now the only one, who though she led his judgment astray, could turn his attention in a favorable direction. Baler thought neither of Scraphine's feelings nor his own, neither on her future condition nor on his own. He thought only on the mo-